

James' Authorized Version of the Scriptures was made in 1611; in which the Westminster Confession was compiled, and in which the Revised Version of the Scriptures received the sanction of the eminent scholars to whom it was committed.

The World's Sunday-School Convention was a very notable gathering, embracing nearly nine hundred delegates from many remote parts of Christendom. Much social attention was given the foreign visitors, including a reception at the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and a garden party at Dullis Hill, the country house of the Earl of Aberdeen. The Convention cannot fail to stimulate the cause of Sunday-schools throughout Europe, and to further the adoption of the International System of Sunday-School lessons.

On the last Sunday we were in London, the sacred day was desecrated by the noisy procession of the Shah of Persia and *suite* through the densely crowded streets on their way to a dinner-party given at his country-house by the Marquis of Salisbury—not a good example to be set by the Prime Minister of England. A better observance of the sacred day was a procession of enthusiastic Methodists through Oxford Street, singing as they went, to Hyde Park, where Hugh Price Hughes, the leader of the West End London Mission, preached an earnest evangelistic sermon. In the evening two thousand people crowded St. James' Hall, where this successful mission grapples with the fashionable vice of the great Metropolis.

The memory of the first ride in France, through beautiful Normandy, from the quaint old fishing town of Dieppe to still more quaint Rouen, is one that will not soon be forgotten.

Ten days in Paris was not too long a time in which to visit the sights of the gay pleasure-city, and to study the wonderful Exhibition of Art and Industry on the *Champ de Mars*. High over all dominated the lace-like structure of the Eiffel Tower—the most remarkable combination of strength and beauty we ever saw. Around

its base surged a concourse of people of many lands and many tongues. In scores of varied structures—graceful or fantastic, bizarre or elegant—were exhibited the master-work of human skill and ingenuity from the very ends of the earth. The art catalogue alone filled a closely-printed octavo volume of 338 pages, and the other exhibits fill eight volumes more. Almost bewildering were the seemingly endless number and infinite variety of the products of the hand and brain of man. A striking feature was the reproduction of the structures of all ages and all lands—from the rude caves of the stone age, down through Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman, Romanesque and Byzantine, to Renaissance and modern architecture; and from the rude huts of Senegal and the Gamboon to the fac-similes of Indian temples and Tonkin villages—all peopled by their appropriate inhabitants. I took my lunch of mediæval bread and cheese, served by serge-clad, leather-buskined Gaulish peasants, in a house of the Gaulo-Roman period, built of fragments of buildings of the classic age; and my wife rode in a Tonkinese jinrikisha through streets of a score of distinct nationalities. One could make a tour of the world in a few hours. One of the most realistic reproductions was the street in Cairo—with its mosquer and minarets, its bazaars and overhanging lattice windows, its Arab donkey boys and haggling hucksters of all sorts of Oriental fabrics.

We happened to be in Paris on the historic 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, which, indeed, the whole Exhibition was designed to commemorate. The whole city was *en fête*, and decorated and illuminated as never before. The *Champs Elysées* looked like a veritable Elysian field, and the great square of the *Place de la Concorde*, the scene of so much pageantry and tragedy, never witnessed a more brilliant spectacle.

Nevertheless it was a grateful change, to pass from the brilliance of the gay capital, from the pomp and splendour of Versailles to the